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Choice Poetry.

YES, LOWER TO THE LEVEL.

BY MRS. OSGOOD.

Yes, lower to the level
Of those who bend to thee now!
Go into the joyous revel,
And pledge the heartless vow!
Go, dim the soul-born beauty
That lights that lofty brow!
Fill, fill the bowl! let burning wine
Drown in the soul Love's dream divine!

Yet when the laugh is lightest,
When wildest runs the riot,
When gayness the guilty brightens,
And proudest beauties thy house,
And thou art madly pledging
Each gay and genial guest—
A ghost shall glide and shadow
The shade of Love's departed hours!

And (hurriedly) shrink in sadness
From all the splendor round,
And cause the revel's gladness
And hide the banquet's pleasure
And pour, 'mid Passion's madness!
For thus Love's power will
And feel that she is the more wildest glow
Of joy unmarried'st with thee not!

Let down not thus my prayer, Love,
Ah! no! I could keep
The love I never more can have,
And cherish in grief's sleep,
What now only should despair, have
And adieu would weep!
Let down not thus my flowers
That look to Love's deserted bowers!

PRIDE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Though pride may show where none undermine
Whose honor's the only
Yet there is such a thing on earth
As holding jewels too high
The loftiest bud holds near the ground—
The loveliest deserve upraise now,
And we must stoop if to appreciate
If we as worth would know.

Like water that ascends the tree,
Still bubbling up to the source,
So pride exalts a truest heart
To feel they feel no more
Than up within themselves they live,
And self is their end
A life, that never kindness did
To a single, or to a friend.

What Virtue, like the dew of Heaven,
Upon the lower descends,
And shows its holiest nearness most
The more we know it lends
For there's no contact so complete
As that which nestles us to endear—
It becomes a shelter,
Which renders victory sure!

The homeless being hears a groan,
If none to be deplored—
His visitor illustrious's face,
Whatever that may be,
Then let us daily learn to love
Neighbor and weak to,
For we in man, the fallen,
Wounds prove more sacred than the sick!

Pictures of Life.

EVELYN VILLARS.

OR,

A COUNTRY NEIGHBORHOOD.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ISABEL DENISON."

CHAPTER XXIII.

It is no dream, and I am desolate
Byron.

It was again Christmas-day at Wilmington, and the usual visitors were assembled there.

Mr. Maxwell had been very much excited, and, as the whole party walked home from church, the cold was tempered with almost the warmth of summer. As they were entering the house, Henry Egerton pulled Evelyn back into the garden.

"It is a shame to go in, Evelyn; come and walk with me a little."

She complied, and they walked along, but, unusually for Henry, in silence.

Suddenly, he looked at her with a kind of smile. "I wish you would be my wife, Evelyn."

She stared with wonder.

"I mean what I say, Evelyn. I wish you would be my wife!" and he drew her closer, and, accidentally, in her face.

"Are you quite sure, Henry?" exclaimed Evelyn, looking up in great astonishment.

"Why should I be not? I do not know of it, Evelyn—you don't believe me, because I don't make speeches and rant about love; but I never said in my life that I did of others. Now, Evelyn, I really love you better than any body in the world—better than my mother—better, far better, than Clarice, and I wish you would be my wife, my sweet, my very happy."

"I am very sorry, Henry," said Evelyn, "indeed I am; but I really don't love you well enough."

"Oh, yes, you do! You know me better than any body, and you know that I have loved you all my life; and I know you, and I know that you are the best and truest girl in the world, and that is a great deal better than someone about here. Dear Evelyn, it would make me so very happy."

For a moment, a strong temptation came over Evelyn to say Yes. She had no wished, so long said, that somebody should love her, and care for her, and she struggled proud could resist the best of tenderness in which he addressed her. If it was but a moment; her heart was so close and simple, and Henry was so noble, that she was nearly led astray. She knew that she did love Henry better than almost any one; but she felt that she could love much more, and fell, too, that her own emotions were different from those different from Henry to love so.

He watched her deeper anxiously; it was but a few moments, and she spoke decidedly.

"No, Henry, I must not say Yes. I do love you better than those of whom you have said you were enough for she, and never can. I am very sorry, and Henry, and I feel so very, very grateful to you for thinking of me, and it has made me quite happy to think that my son could care for me; but I never could marry you—I might not—I feel I could not marry you—I ought not."

"You don't like me, then, Evelyn? You are going to live single for that fellow, Maxwell's sake?"

"Henry!" said Evelyn, indignantly, "you do not suppose that I am so wicked as to think of Mr. Maxwell in the connection with but simple manner, "I hope I shall marry some day, because I should like to have a husband to love and one who would really care me me; but then I must love my husband, and I can not—I never—"

"And I suppose you mean to say that you don't respect me?"

"No, Henry, not very much," she said, with an affectionate smile.

"Well, Evelyn, you may be right, and I don't love you the less for what you have said, for indeed I do love you, dear Evelyn. I like your truth and your openness—one may always depend upon you. But it can't be helped—we must try and be happy as we must before. Come along, there's the luncheon-bell; I suppose we had better go in." And they walked hastily together into the dining-room. Henry sat down with his usual manner and appetite, and Evelyn—her cheek was brighter, and her eye sparkled more than it had done for many a day; a weight was lifted off her heart—it was possible, then, that she should be loved—loved well enough even to be chosen for a wife.

They sat together in the evening. There was a shade of melancholy in Henry's manner, for he was disappointed; of late he had often pictured to himself the time when Evelyn would be his wife, but he had not, with his usual open her feelings, and he was talking as usual.

"Have you seen Mrs. Maxwell lately, Evelyn?" he asked.

"No, not for a month or more; it is a long drive, you know, and one of the horses has been lame; it is well now, however, and papa says I may have the carriage any day I like. Colonel Maxwell does not allow Clarice to drive so far in the cold weather, so that if I see her I must go there, and I hope I shall in a day or two."

"You like her, don't you, Evelyn?"

"Oh! yes, better than any thing, though she is very different from me—she is so very good, so almost frightened as to look at her, but I like goodness now, I do indeed, Henry, though I am bad enough myself."

"Mrs. Maxwell is happy, is she not?"

"Yes, I think so; but she has not high spirits; certainly, perhaps she was happy, but I thought she seemed graver than at first, but—was that the cause of her illness, Henry?" And Evelyn looked anxiously round the room.

It was the door bell, and was rung a second time before the servant came to answer it—a few minutes, and said that a person wished to speak to Mr. Villars. He got up and left the room. Everybody sat in silence. Mr. Villars soon came back and beckoned Mr. Harcourt aside.

"It was a servant from Redlynch, Evelyn—Mrs. Maxwell is, it appears, has had a son, and is very ill, and wishes to see you, but it is such a dreadful night—"

"Clarice ill! Oh! papa, let me go."

"Not to-night, my love, Evelyn. It is a strange time of night, but I suppose you must go."

It was a few almost illegible lines from Colonel Maxwell, telling her that Clarice was dangerously ill, and implored her to come. She put into her father's hand.

"I must go, indeed, papa; I must, directly."

"Well, go and get ready; I did order the carriage, and I will go with you. I never thought," he continued, with more than his usual kindness, "that Clarice would not feel as that I should not feel as that much lonely and sad, that there is little hope for her poor girl's life."

It was past twelve when they arrived at Redlynch; a chaise and four was at the door; a physician who had been sent for in haste from an early hour. Colonel Maxwell's despair. The house was still opened, a chair was set for Evelyn, and she followed Mr. Villars into the drawing-room, then hopped Evelyn to follow him up stairs. He paused to a door, from which there came a bright light, and went quietly down again. Evelyn entered trembling. By the fire sat a young girl, with a frightened, startled expression of countenance, and her face, strikingly ill and neglected, lay the earnestly-desired, the anxious-expected head of the Mrs. Maxwell.

"How is Mrs. Maxwell?" said Evelyn, gently.

"I don't know, ma'am," said the girl, in the same frightened manner; "I believe she is very ill—I have not seen master since he went up, and you sit down, ma'am?"

Evelyn sat down opposite to her, and nearly a quarter of an hour passed—a man then went quickly through the room—it was the surgeon, and Evelyn's heart sank. A moment afterward Colonel Maxwell appeared. He took was so flustered, so pale, and so stupefied, and he walked like one in a dream; he had received Evelyn without seeing Evelyn; but, looking again, as if unconscious where he would go, he saw her, and went hastily toward her.

"You are come, Miss Villars! he said, in a tone I can hear you say that you have forgiven me."

"Forgiven, Clarice?"

"Yes, Evelyn, I know all—he told me all—let me hear you say that you have forgiven me."

"Oh! you, Clarice, long, long—you may. You have been much wanted—Mrs. Maxwell has been signed to her to follow her."

"Come, then, Miss Villars," he said, as they stood again in Clarice's room; "that I do not thank you for coming. I feel it but too much, but I cannot—I cannot—I am not myself, confused with a melancholy smile, "since you have come, I am gone from my usual precincts thing on earth!" Opening a drawer, he took from it a miniature of himself, and, hastily gazing each, pressed her hand as he gave it to her, and left her. And slowly and sadly, Evelyn departed from Redlynch.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sorrows like showers descend and, as the heart is full of them, there for good or ill mingle!
Some as to smile made a balm bestow.
And smile, that once her pounded, Life and grow
Clarke.

We must pass over many months. It was the end of June, and the year following the short year of Mrs. Maxwell's married happiness, Evelyn Villars was on the eve of leaving Wilmington!

The health of Juliet Harcourt had during the winter been very delicate, and she had caught an exposure. He was hind to the gentleness of the mother she had not long to live, and Mr. Harcourt—that her life slowly yet surely was ebbing away; but every week, as it passed, added to her anxiety for her child's welfare, and having received some slight encouragement from an eminent physician, he resolved to try once more what fairly could do.

He had naturally wished that Evelyn should accompany them, but feared to make it a request to Mr. Villars; but the idea having been mentioned there before, Mr. Villars caught at it with so much eagerness, that Mr. Harcourt no longer hesitated to express his wish. Evelyn was soon decided that Evelyn and Miss Drake should go with them, and Mr. Villars was to follow in the course of a few weeks.

The truth was, that Mr. Villars was extremely annoyed at the change which had taken place in Evelyn. She was no longer what she had been. The early bloom of her beauty, the sparkle of life and happiness, and the sad and exciting interest which had attended her first introduction, had left a shadow upon the brightness of her mind, which she could not chase away—a sadness

Selected Sketch.

WORK!—AN ANECDOTE.

FROM DICKENS'S HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A certain officer of large fortune, who had distinguished himself in several actions, had been quartered for a long time in a foreign city. Curiosity led him a life of extreme and luxurious dissipation. He soon found himself so indisposed to any active military service, that even the customary exercise became irksome and unbearable. He accordingly solicited and obtained leave of absence from his regiment for six months. But, instead of immediately engaging in some occupation of mind and body, as a complete process for his morbid condition, he hastened to London, and gave himself up entirely to the grossest luxuries than ever, and plunged into every kind of sensuality. The consequence was a disgust of life, and all its healthy effects. He became unable to read half a page of a book, or to write the shortest note; moreover, the sense was too much trouble; to lounge down the street was a hateful effort. His appetite failed, or every thing was changed with him; and he could seldom sleep. Existence became an intolerable burden; he therefore determined on suicide.

With this intention he loaded his pistols, and influenced by early associations, dressed himself in his regimental frock-coat and crimson sash, and entered St. James's Park a little before seven o'clock. He felt as if he was mounting guard for the last time; listened to music, and, when he met with miserable affection across the misty green towards the Horse Guards, hastily went in the distance.

A few minutes after the officer had entered the Park, there passed through it a person with a poor mechanic, who leisurely followed in the direction. He was a gaunt, half-starved looking man, and walked with a sad air, his eyes bent thoughtfully on the ground, and his large, hard hands dangling at his sides.

The officer, absorbed in the act he meditated, walked on without being aware of the presence of another person. Arriving about the middle of a wide open space, he suddenly cast off drawing forth both pistols, exclaimed:

"Oh, most unfortunate and most wretched man that I am! Wealth, station, honor, prospects, are of no avail! Existence has become a heavy torment to me! I have not strength—I have not courage to endure or face it a moment longer!"

With these words he cocked the pistols, and was raising both of them to his head, when his arms were seized from behind, and the pistols twisted out of his fingers. He reeled round, and beheld the great mechanic of a man who had followed him.

"What are you?" stammered the officer, with a painful air; "how dare you to step between me and death?"

"I am a poor hungry mechanic;" answered the man, "one who works from fourteen to fifteen hours a day, and finds it hard to earn a living. My wife is dead—my daughter was tempted away from me—and I am a lone man, and I have nobody to live for, and have become quite tired of my life, I came out this morning, intending to destroy myself. But as the fresh air of the park came over my face, the sickness of life gave way to shame at my own want of strength and courage, and I determined to wish success and live my allotted time. But what are you? Have you encountered cannon-balls and death in all shapes, and now want the strength and courage to meet the terror of mine ness?"

The officer was moving off with some confused words, but the mechanic took him by the arm, and threatening to hand him over to the police if he resisted, led him deceptively away.

This mechanic's work was that of a tanner, and he lived in a dark cellar, where he toiled at his leathe from morning to night. Hearing that the officer had entered himself with a little property in his pocket, the poor artizan proposed to take him down into his workshop. The officer offered him money, and was anxious to escape; but the mechanic refused it, and persisted.

He accordingly took the morbid gentleman down into the dark cellar, and set him to work at his leathe. The officer became very haughty and soon rose to depart. Whereupon, the mechanic forced him down again at the point of a knife, and swore that if he did not do as he saw's work for him, in return for saving his life, he would instantly consign him to a purgatory, and assure himself in attempting to commit suicide. At this threat the officer was so overwhelmed, that he at once consented to do the work.

When the hour to it of the mechanic instead on a second beer, in consequence of the slowness of the work—it had not been a fair hour's labor. In vain the officer protested, was sulky and exhausted—had the heartburn—pains in his back and loins—and desired to be excused. But the mechanic was inexorable. "If it does kill you," said he, "then you will die where you would have been if I had not stepped you." To the officer was compelled to continue his work with an inflamed face, and the perspiration pouring down over his cheeks and chin.

At last he could proceed no longer, came what would of it, and sank back in the seat as his persecuting mercy. The mechanic was placed before him his own breakfast, composed of a two-penny loaf of brown bread, and a pot of small beer; but the officer could not be disposed of in no time, and then sent out for more.

Before the boy who was despatched on this errand returned, the mechanic's countenance had cleared; and as the officer rose to go, he smilingly placed his purse, with his card, in the hands of the mechanic. The poor artizan eagerly read them with all the composure of a physician, and with a sort of dry, grim humor which appeared peculiar to him, and the only relief of his stern, wise rough face, he said, in a quiet, manly manner in the constant shadows and troubles of life.

But the moment it he read the name on the card, all the hard lines in his sharply-marked face and the deepest a sudden contortion. Thrusting back the purse and card into the officer's hand, he seized him with a fierce grip by one arm—his cool hero, wounded, as the dark truth came out, using the narrow passage—then pushed him out of the door!

"You are the fine gentleman who tempted my daughter, away?" and he.

"I never daughter!" exclaimed the officer.

"Yes, my daughter; Ellen Rosamond!" said the mechanic. "Are there so many such daughters in the list, that you forgot her name?"

"I implore you," said the officer, "to take this purse. Pray take this purse! It you will not accept it for yourself, extend you not it at his?"

"Go and buy a halter with it," said the mechanic. "Work, man! and repent of your past life!"

So saying, he closed the door in the officer's face, and descended the stairs to his daily labor.

PRESERVATION AND RE-STORATION OF SIGHT.

This is an important matter, and is well illustrated by the simple rule: When the sight is too short, close the eyes, pressing the finger gently outwardly from the nose across the eyes... Short sight is caused by too great roundness of the eye, and relaxing and pressing them from their inner towards their outer angles, flattens them, and thus lengthens or corrects their angle of vision. But too long sight is caused by too great flatness of the eye, and pressing them inward or towel them their outward angles smartly, a contrary result from that produced by short sight. By this simple means, all persons can adjust their sight to their liking, so as to read without glasses at a time when they are young. The value of this knowledge is seemingly to that of gold.

Because is at present the leading promulgator of that idea, and claims discovered it, though it may be original with him, yet was known long before Rossmer's birth. The grandfather of a female friend of the writer's practised it for forty years ago, and by its means preserved his eye sight so well to the last that he read small print, eighty-eight years old. and John Quincy Adams, an ear-witness, with a lawyer friend of the writer's, Fa., who were glasses, told him if he would manipulate his eyes with his fingers from their external angles inwardly, he would soon be able to dispense with glasses. Fact tried it, and soon restored his sight perfectly, and has since preserved it by the continuance of the practice.—*Pharmalogical Journal.*

A CRITICAL WAITER.

SCENE, *a dining-room, evidence of cold. Enters a one-planed old gent, and glares at the waiter.*

Old Gent. "Can't you bring me some cold here?"

Waiter (promptly).—No, sir.

Old Gent (angrily). "You impute, sirrah!"

Waiter (coldly).—Oh, no, only I don't know better, sir.

Old Gent.—Don't you think I know when it is cold? The room's like a barn in winter.

Waiter.—Oh, sir, I can't know notice about that. You said I was cold, sir, and I'm very warm, sir, been scorchin'—

Old Gent throws a biscuit at waiter's head.

Waiter dodges, and brings on the soup.

☞ The Committee on Elections have reported in favor of admitting the delegate from New Mexico to a seat in the House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT.

The "foreign correspondent"—though upon the winds to mysterious a character as to be "unknown"—has become a "fixed fact," and may be regarded as not the least surprising development of the nineteenth century. His objections, and almost omniscient, evidently concerning with a desire to travel without coaching, and unexpired by most unmistakable fits of "report progress" on every opportunity, to the world at large. The wonderful system with which he obtains state secrets, and the daring with which he procures the most recent documents, are among the newly discovered human phenomena that science cannot properly account for. To his state peculiarities of the intricacy of foreign statesmanship is as clear as mud; palaces appear to open to him with courtiers and soldiers, lay bare their hearts before him, and "coming events" he predicts with such reckless boldness and celerity, that not only do they entirely the laggard times, but in most cases, his prophecy fondness proceeds its own accomplishment, by being made public too early. This at least is the most charitable solution we can find for the notorious fact that "our foreign correspondent's" indiscretions are never rebuked.

But one thing is certainly to be, he is original in many respects by that unique introduction of revelation and publication—the "Washington Correspondent." Never since the invention of letters has the world witnessed anything comparable to the unvarying and inexhaustible dullness one brings to his task. Washington, at the best, is a large straggling village, with a contracted, not-at-all-brown appearance; deserted, in fact, by its very houses, most of which look unoccupied, as it were, out of town. Its society is monotonous to a bed of positiveness; its very air has

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1830.

SATURDAY EVENING POST STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

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AN IMPUDENT THIEF.

The New Orleans Delta tells the following story:—

A married couple residing in the suburbs of this municipality, of whom both were young and one was beautiful, had retired to their conjugal couch at their usual hour, the gentleman, as usual, depositing his gold watch, and his pocket book, under his pillow, and the lady under hers. They slept quietly and comfortably, all but sleeping, when awaking, the lady remarked—

"My dear, you kissed me in the middle of the night."

"I did not," protested the worse half—"I slept quietly all night, too soundly to think of kissing you."

"Oh, fudge!" exclaimed the husband, lifting the pillow to look for his repeater. Great was his horror to find that it was gone. The rascal had the wits to look under her pillow for her dictionary, and there found all gone—all their respective pillows. They slept quietly and comfortably for four hours without one missing. Each got out of bed and instituted a thorough search for the missing articles, but in their great surprise could only confide to God them, but discovered that nearly every other article valuable about the room had been stolen by some desperate burglar who had entered the house through the window. They both began lamenting in forms of deep grief, their respective losses, and then fell to cursing each other.

"I knew all that horrible villain kissed me," and then the husband said he knew it was the burglar.

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed the now the roughly aroused husband," he might have taken my watch, my diamond breast-pin, my gold cuff-buttons and watches, my silver-mounted pistols, and everything, but to have kissed and kiss my wife, while reposing in my arms—I'll have him hung—he strong a case before a jury."

TEMPORARY HOME ASSOCIATION.

MEDICAL EXAMINER.—After the thorough exposition of your widely circulated paper to call attention to the first annual meeting of the Temporary Home Association, to be held in the Saloon on Sunset Hall next Saturday afternoon at 12 o'clock. The ladies of this association are much concerned, by inquiring into the history of those females in the city, and in our almshouse, or asylum, that many of them are where and when they are, for want (when friendless and destitute) of a home for a few days, to be provided for most with judicious kindness, good advice, and protection (that of a matron) from the temptations in a populous city, and drive as many to reformation and to the comfortable and respectable employment of their sex, as possible. It is not the object of the association to receive any of the class of females above described, but to provide them in families who will care for their reformation.

GREAT ROMANCE.

The "Yankee Nation" time wittily takes of some of its modern newspaper contemporaries.

Yankee Nation is not unlike to keep pace with our magnanimous contemporaries, we have for the present, suspended the publication of the letters of the explosive arrangements for the purchase of the gunpowder mills near Hell Gate, and the consequent loss of the most powerful author of this or any other country, Mr. Fitz-Greene Halleck. Mr. Halleck, Dudley, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Halleck, we are sorry to say, will ever fetch pen to paper again. The terrific explosion which took place at the mills, and the consequent loss was to us, as to editorial Kitty, [illegible] and thousands of others, a heavy one, together and all on profits. This is a large sum, but we assure the readers that the following paragraphs should read the thrilling productions that we have received from Mr. Halleck.

Every newspaper in the United States and Europe is requested to copy this notice.

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS

SENATE.

On the 22nd, Mr. Webster gave notice that after the next week, he would take the earliest opportunity to address the Senate on the subject of the Union. He hopes the Senate to take up the resolution to close the doors of the Senate to the public hands to actual settlers.

After the consideration of a short morning business, the Senate took up the bill for the relief of Mrs. Polly Taylor, daughter of Gen. Stark, and passed.

Mr. Bright regarded her relatively, at some future time, to address the Senate upon the general subject of the public lands, and the various questions which pressed for solution in connection with them. He would not now enter upon the discussion of those questions, but he would say that he was in favor of regarding the whole subject in connection with the Union, and would not be confined to any one side. He also submitted a few remarks in relation to the bill, which he understood from the course of visitation of pledges and prescription that the Senate would not be willing to know of an case of removal for which reasons could not be been suggested and assigned.

Mr. Bright rejoined. He undertook to assert a most distinct fact, that the Senate had never been made that that practiced by the present Administration, and that was the distribution of removals, was to obtain from the Executive the change which the Senate had always recommended. He would not say that the Senate had never refused to confirm any nomination, but in his State, and they were withering under the hand of tyranny and despotism, and where the requisites of honesty, fidelity, and capacity were necessary to the discharge of office.

The Senate then took up Mr. Gaulding's resolution in relation to removals from office, with the understanding that a vote should be taken on it next week.

Mr. Rumsey replied briefly to the speech made on the resolution by Mr. Webster, and continued, some weeks since.

On the 23d, Mr. Webster called up the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Committee on Finance be instructed to report a bill to adapt, to facilitate and increase the coinage of the United States.

Mr. Webster supported the resolution in some remarks, when it was agreed to. The resolution was allowed to be placed in the Mint to be coined into half dollars, and the consideration and been experienced of late in consequence of the unwillingness of the man for the banks and agents of the business of the Mint. A bill has been introduced into the House for the purpose of this sum to two millions, but no action had been had upon it. In consequence of the fact that the coinage here before bullion from California, for the Mint, and the consequent delay in the coinage of it was hoped to get to Philadelphia, a large amount of coin could be procured from the Bank of England almost immediately upon making the deposit of the bullion. Many seekers, seeking to get the speedy coinage, had already begun to be made. The expense of sending it to England or coinage was still allowed out of the coin, and was readily balanced by the interest upon the bullion while it was being coined. It was not his wish to send coinage in any mint. There was need to be sent to England for the purpose of business awaiting coinage. There was in the Treasury of the United States a large amount of bullion, and one, thus making no unnecessary movement of the precious metals, and saving of things incurred in the transportation of the bullion. He understood the facts with reference to Mexico. Mr. Webster concluded by moving that the resolution be referred to the Committee on Finance.

Mr. Shields said the subject was under consideration by the Committee on Finance, and he stated that one great cause of the delays complained of, was the difficulty experienced in arranging the California gold—the separation of it from the alloy.

Mr. Cooper submitted a few remarks in explanation of the reasons of the delay in the Philadelphia Mint. They did not arise from any inattention of the officers of the Mint, but because they might be required of it. It was fully competent to coin all the bullion that could be sent to it. The difficulty and delay complained of by Mr. Shields, was in the process of refining the gold, which was not done by the Government by the Mint, but by a private establishment. He had no doubt that difficulty would soon be entirely removed.

Mr. Mangum expressed himself strongly of the opinion that the Mint should be established in New York. He hoped some action favorable to that object would be had. He was desirous of the necessity and propriety of establishing an exchange office at once.

Mr. Dawson suggested the propriety of providing for the transfer of the Mint from Philadelphia to New Orleans in some safe bank to send coin.

Mr. Benton said that the Mint was built by the deposit of the public funds in any bank to be established in any part of the country. The Bank of New York Treasury spoke in of New Orleans has thanked accurately, and he hoped there was no disposition to change that system—instead of extending its trifling defects. He also submitted certain general remarks in commendation of the banking system in general.

After some further conversation, the resolution was adopted, and the Senate went into Executive Session, and shortly after adjourned.

On the 25th, the Senate had up for consideration the report from the Committee on Printing, in favor of abandoning the contract system of procuring the public printing.

An amendment, offered some days since upon an amendment, submitted by Mr. Wales, directing that the contractors for non-performance of contract.

In the course of the debate, Mr. Mangum expressed himself in favor of the establishment of a Government Printing Office. At two o'clock the further consideration of the subject was postponed.

A communication was received from the Secretary of the Interior, in reply to a resolution of the Senate calling for information in relation to the Senate calling for information in relation to the claims of Mississippi to certain swamp and overflowed lands in that State, and the independent oriental colonies.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned till Monday.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 22nd, the Speaker announced the following as the Committee appointed in accordance with the resolution calling for an investigation into charges preferred against the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ewing: Wm. A. Rockefeller, (Dem.) of Ohio—Chairman; Wm. Strong, (Dem.) of Pennsylvania; Albert G. Brown, (Dem.) of Mississippi; Richard F. Hall, (Dem.) of Missouri; Alexander Evans (Whig) of Maryland; Thomas Ross, (Dem.) of Pennsylvania; Wm. J. Alston, (Whig) of Alabama; Cyrus L. Dunham, (Dem.) of Indiana.

Mr. Bayley asked the unanimous consent of the House to introduce a bill to establish Post Ways and Means, the Delaware Bill, with the Senate amendments, that it might be referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Ingas having raised an objection, the resolution lies over.

Mr. Evans, of Maryland, raised leave to introduce a resolution to call on the Secretary of War, calling for a Commission to investigate the affairs at Mr. Dewey, Mr. Collins, Mr. Whitmore and others. Mr. Evans explained the resolutions. He said that the Democratic portion of the House had no objection.

Objections were made.

Mr. Brown, of Mississippi, from the Committee on the District of Columbia, reported a bill to incorporate the Georgetown College at the D. C. of the District, and moved its reference to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union.

Mr. Jones moved to lay the bill on the table.

Mr. Potter asked whether it would be in order to move to refer the bill to the Committee on the Judiciary.

The Speaker replied—Not now.

Mr. Potter said that if that motion, he would like to know what he was to vote for, as he had already granting corporate powers and privileges to the College.

Mr. Jones made a motion to lay the bill on the table. The question was taken and decided in the negative—yeas 58, nays 94. The bill was then referred to the Committee of the Whole. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, and resumed the consideration of the California question.

Mr. Meredith, (Whig,) of Kentucky, having the floor, said he would make with any or both parties to settle the question. He was opposed to the admission of California, as it had not been done in the regular way. He was opposed to the admission of California, as it had not been done in the regular way. He was opposed to the admission of California, as it had not been done in the regular way

Selected Poetry.

THE INEVITABLE.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

The royal sage, lord of the Magic Ring,
Solomon, once upon a morn in spring,
Sir Cedrus, in his garden's round he walk'd,
Was poring with a pleasant gaze in bed,
When they beheld, approaching, her with fare
Yet undiscovered, a stranger in the place.

How he came there, what wonder, who could be,
How dare, unsolicited, board such privacy.
Whether Death's envoy came typed of the King,
And if so, why he should then daunt the long
(For the rash's master, after one sharp pang,
Stood waiting, more in trouble than surprise)
At this the courtier would have asked: but fear
Pinched his utterance, as the most dare not.

The stranger seemed by judge him by his dress
One of mere sort, a dweller with dormice,
Or some poor pilgrim; but the steps he took
Halted it with strange greatness; and his look
Opened a page in a remembers book

He wore a cowl, than under which there stone,
Fell on the grass, and on the grass alone,
A face, sort of this earth, half veiled in gloom
And radiance, but with eyes like lamps of flame.
Which, ever as they came, before them sent
Beholds, and staggering, and astonishment.
With sense of change, and waves of change to be,
Awe sighing, and extreme anxiety
And feebleness, and faintness, and great love.
The poet a soul, a fluttering trembling balance of
All that makes wet the poem, and like the bear:
All that makes dizzy ecstasy in a thing.
Knowing it must be dragged it knows not where.

The extreme of fear and eagerness, which had tied
The courtier's tongue, now loosed it, and he cried,
"Oh, royal master! Sage! Lord of the ring,
I cannot bear the horror of this thing!
Help with thy mighty art. While me, I pray,
To the remotest recesses of thine hall."

Solomon smiled, and the man vanished. Straight
Up comes the terror, with his orbs of fire.

"Solomon," with a lofty voice, said he.
"How came that man within, wearing a face with thee?
I was to latch him, ere the close of day.
From the remotest mansion in all Cathay."

Solomon said, bowing him to the ground,
Angel of Death, there will the man be found."

Border Scenes.

MARY ROCK.

BY PERCY M. ST. JOHN.

[Years have now elapsed since I have written the line about Texas, and a pretty intimate friend has silenced my recollections relative to that country by become exhibitions, but for a circumstance which has brought back my days of peril and adventure forcibly to my mind. A very little while back, a number of the journal to which I am now writing this sketch, fell into the hands of one who was my fellow and volunteer under the flag of the Republic of the Lone Star. It contained the "Land-Seeker" and the "Water-Seeker." Seven years had passed since we were almost boys together, and we had never heard of each other. My friend had become a trader in the back-woods; I an author. But the Michigan merchant was made of the same stuff as the Texan scout in the Texan navy; and he addressed me—"London, England." The letter found me out at once, since it has been followed by others, I hope again to be in communion with days which had their charms despite their hardships.]

The Rock family had emigrated in the very verge of wild Indian life, when the forest was between the United States and Mexico burst out, as event which, while awakening prospects of fierce struggles between the two Republics, aroused also the hopes and passions of the swarthy Indian tribes that people the frontiers of the contending powers. Certain predatory and wandering bands of that Ishmaelite race from the easy neighborhood of Buckenreed, Bayou, and from all others, one after another, until at last he found himself for nearer than ever generally considered safe to Spanish Trail and its troublesome tribes of Kickapoo.

This time the old man, his wife, his only daughter—for other having remained with her husband—had to build a house, instead of taking possession of one abandoned by former proprietors. They chose the mouths a very gully, with the verge of a dense forest. There but was, as usual, blood in the valley ere the settlement of their marriage had time tone gone so far as to induce the cultivation of a small field of maize. This accepted, their whole existence depended on hunting and fishing. Mary, who, it seems, had become more dim than white I knew her was all the more indefatigable in her pursuit of the game afforded by the forest and happy plains of Upper Texas. She and her brother were constrain in their recreation to the forest, with rackay and partridges; and together shared their daily century. The old couple did abandoned nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, and seem utterly forgetful of their former position in society.

A little while before the arrival of the old settler, the Rocks became aware of the presence of a neighbor. A tall, young Kentuckian, apparently fond of a wild life, suddenly located himself within a mile of their shelter, with a settler's assistant from his own land, four negro slaves, a dozen horses, a herd of cattle, and a wagon. He erected a solid frame-house, and raised his log-house-ville—his name using given out as Captain Snow. With peace and tranquility, no hour would probably soon have been the centre of a neighborhood, and ultimately the site of a village. But a great parliament, more desire-tive than the chaires or plague, was coming: Texas was the cause of a terrible war.

As soon as Captain Snow had settled himself built his house, and set his table going, he thought it but right to pay a visit to the Rocks, despite the parsimony character which he had learnt at their round about Galveston. The chief things however, which stuck him on the occasion of his visit, were the reticentness of their shanty, the wilful deluge of the parents, the industry of the children, and the matchless beauty of Mary. Of a frank and sociable disposition, he made friends with young Rock; and never were men less the sociable companions of the brother and sister in their huntings and wanderings. The consequence was natural. Had not two men the only female within a hundred miles, Mary would have was the heart of any Jewish girl already enchained by her simplicity, truth and sincerity.—Captain Snow, as a result, was was mad and sane at love, and in two was the accepted lover of Miss Rock. It was agreed on all sides that immediately after has more harvest they should be fought a band with their various goods, and, going down to the settlements, be married.

The interval was chiefly spent in hunting, fishing, hunting and fishing, from which the two parties connected were not engaged in occasional excursions. Captain Snow heard with a beating heart of the war, but his matrimonial prospects were wisely quelled by the sight of Mary whom he loved with all the ardor of a single minded, honest, and fresh hearted Saxon. Should he could not, indeed, think of the danger of the expedition, and to do the rangers of the expedition, and to do not his mind, proposed to the brother and sister a week's hunting in the bubble regions just on the country. Both frankly acquiesced, and one morning's dawn of day they started.

This time all the hunters rode horses, the very best which horse could pick from his lot. Each had a rifle, a powder-horn, a bundle of corn-cakes, a flask of native whiskey, and a hunting-knife. Mary, on this occasion, was dressed almost in an exact similar costume as her companions, and never was happier. Her heart was free from the cares of the settlement or practice-life. Therefore was no thought of the future hanging over her, no cool tremens, and beneath the shadow of their woods. They rode along in the morning sun—they heard a plover fit on open, then listened to a fox, startled their horses, and started in hot in search of game, sometimes together, sometimes separate. When success crowned their efforts, or when disappointment met them, they turned to their camp and supped. After the operation, which in the pasture is a very simple one, they made several attacks on their wicked guards and tobacco-pouches, and after a little gossip, went to bed to rest. Mary had a little but always formed of hanging and these three cooks, the brother and sweetheart keeping joyous guard on each side.

Thus they wandered for more than a week, and soon thought of turning back. When the wild pasture of raptor, and slaughter, and murder, almost inseparable from savage life, which has generally all the faults of civilized life, with scarcely any of its virtues, began to be in the background, a wandering existence in the virgin woods and field of America has an unexpressible charm. One day of the camp at night in the south towns hundreds of miles from honest and men is a thing which carries romantic feelings in the rudest, and none of the less besieged quite to the tough coat. Captain Snow had received some education, and Mary Rock had learnt to read before I left the country. They had these most common logic of conversation, and their enormous gained reminded charms.

One evening, a little after dusk, having ridden during the day to find a suitable encampment in an solid glen, they had turned their head towards that which they left in the morning. They had ridden pretty hard, and when they came to the dry bed of a torrent which they had to cross, their horses were very tired.

"I reckon," said Captain Snow, "we'll not circumvent Dick's Ferry this night. My horse is getting below them, and trails its legs like a sick old mustang."

"Hush!" said young Rock, in a low tone.

"What's up?" whispered the other in an equally cautious manner.

Mary Rock pointed down the bed of the torrent, which was thick with bushes, and overhung by trees, and at some considerable distance the blaze of a fire seemed reflected faintly on the silver leaves, despite their frightful state, to urge them on again at their fullest speed.

A howl, that Snow knew too well, warned him of a new danger. The savage natives of the mountains were upon them in vast droves—Comanches, fellow gypsies in form in search of the carcases of deer, turkeys, rabbits, horses, &c., that perish in the forest; and, collected in one body, become formidable. The wretched horses instinctively darted away, and the fugitive band made for a wood about five miles off, which had been spared by the fire, the grass near the trees being too damp and too short to burn. At last trees, they loosened rifles and pistols, and took their huge powder-horns from the saddle-bows, and prepared for combat. Several times they halted and fired at the furious beasts, which, to the number of about four hundred, came on behind them. Their shots told, and a general halt among the Indians were produced by the loss of their unlucky companions. At length the wood was reached; and while, by a general rush, they let on in distant clerkship of the advance of the hungry brutes, Mary climbed a tree, took her book resting from the pommels of her saddle, and then followed by the weary men. The horses galloped away, and became independent in the savage white wolves.

It required an hour of absolute repose to enable the fugitives to recover their panting breath. They then ate and drank, and smoked in silence for a quarter of an hour, when the consultation was covered to hold a council. The waiters were collected, the fire made up, for the night was thick, and seemed determined not to abandon their prey. But the backwood tree laughed at the Indians. One of those stood within the boughs of him, leaning against a tree. His sole was towards the camp, and his eyes were fixed on vacancy. Once he turned quickly in the direction of the fire, but with a short cry, the scout's motionless position, was done no anything, and the white man could continue his survey in peace. So long based of the Indians leaning against the trees showed him that the hunters were sleeping, and this circumstance made his heart beat. He had hoped that the trees and the long grass would have given him sure superiority over the Indians, which he now saw did not exist. With this conviction he was about to retire, when a young Indian warrior, yards